

# The Affair at Flower Acres

By Carolyn Wells

**BEGIN HERE TODAY.**

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. In a moment Nancy appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room. And then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins heads the police investigation. An autopsy reveals that Raynor also was being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lancel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor, by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Now Nancy tells Dobbins that she believes Nurse Turner hated Douglas Raynor. "Do you think she shot him?" Nancy asks the detective.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.**

"No, Mrs. Raynor, I've not the slightest reason to think that. But I do think—if your story of your drug remedy is a true one—I do think it possible that she was administering the poison pellets."

"My story is true, Mr. Dobbins—oh, please, believe it! I knew my husband was secretly taking drugs—I found that soon it would become an ineradicable habit. Somebody told me of the cure—it was warranted harmless so I tried it on Mr. Raynor. I reasoned that if I didn't cure him, it could do him no harm. And, too—I cannot tell you—I don't want to tell you, how unutterably cruel he was to me because of the drug."

"But I thought," Dobbins watched her closely, "I thought morphine made people merry and happy."



"THE GIRL'S NAME WAS EFFIE TALCOTT—AND IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MISS TURNER."

"Yes—but it was when he couldn't get the drug that he was so terrible. I had to hide it from him—and then when he couldn't find it, he—he became almost like a maniac—he tortured me until I had to give it to him again."

"You poor woman! I don't wonder you wanted to kill him."

"It was a trap, Nancy took no notice of it. She went on."

"I gave him the pellets quite regularly for a time—he not knowing it, of course. I could see no marked improvement in the matter of the drug habit, but I was alarmed at noticing symptoms that seemed to indicate that something was radically wrong. He became slightly anemic, was short of breath, and subject to intense thirst. I spoke of these things to Miss Turner, but she said I imagined them and that he was all right."

"I became more alarmed—yet I didn't like to speak to Doctor Saxton about it."

"Why?"

"I think the principal reason was, I feared he would attribute the conditions to the pellets I had been giving him—and I knew those were harmless—for I had had them analyzed by an expert chemist. So I—I really don't know how I came to think of poison, but I did, and I bought a little book telling about poisons and their antidotes. As I read it, I became convinced that Mr. Raynor was regularly taking arsenic into his system. I thought first of suicide—then I began to suspect Miss Turner of knowing something about it."

"And that explains, you think, the whole matter of the arsenic poisoning?"

"Don't you think so?"

"Frankly, I do not. I still think—pardon my brutal plainness—that all this is a fabrication of your own. First, poison pellets were found hidden in a vase in your bedroom. Again, if either the drug, morphine, or the patent medicine you say you were administering had been found at the autopsy, your story might carry more weight. But no traces of those substances appear in the report of the operating surgeons. If you suspected Miss Turner, why didn't you accuse her at once?"

"As I told you, Nan spoke with difficulty. 'I didn't—I don't exactly suspect her—I can only say—I don't entirely trust her. I hoped, if I threw away all the morphine and all the curative pellets, it would never be known that my husband indulged in drugs at all. I am sensitive about his

reputation and I don't want the matter known. His sister would be most chagrined and mortified if she knew of it."

"Well, Mrs. Raynor, I can't think this is a time for such punctilious consideration of Miss Raynor's feelings, or even of your husband's weakness. Try to remember that you are under grave suspicion yourself of having killed your husband, by poison, or by a shot, or both. Try to remember that your explanations and excuses, so far, have no real weight as evidence in your favor, and for heaven's sake, if you know anything definite or truly prejudicial to any one else, tell it—and help your own cause!"

Dobbins spoke emphatically.

"Now," he went on, "what I'm getting at is this. If you have enough real doubt of Miss Turner, say so—and I'll go straight and hunt her down and face her with the question."

"I don't know—and Nan's worried face showed deepest doubt. 'It does seem so awful to accuse a poor nurse of crime, with so little to suggest it.' 'Maybe I can add a little,' and as the short, sharp tones fell on their ears, Miss Mattie glided into the room. 'I've been listening,' she said, seated herself. 'I make no bones of doing that, in any matter concerning my brother's death. I've heard all you two have said—and I must confess, an, I think you're pretty fine. I don't believe, now, you poisoned Douglas—I believe your story of the drug—and the cure—you see I know you better than Mr. Dobbins does. I am shocked, of course, to learn that Douglas hankered after morphine—it's disgraceful—but to my mind, it's a small matter compared with the question of who killed him. Now, I always dis-

strust a middle-aged woman carelessly groomed and informally attired. 'Sit down,' she said. 'What's it about?' 'About Miss Turner,' Dobbins replied. 'Where is she?' 'Out on a case—I don't know where, exactly.' 'I think you can find the address, somehow, can't you?' 'Maybe, when I know what you want her for. Is it a case?' 'Yes; it's a case,' and Dobbins smiled inwardly. 'Oh, well, then, I'll give you the address.' 'Look here, I want you to tell me something about her—about her early life. I'm—I'm a reporter—I'm getting statistics about the early life of nurses, and how they came to take up their profession.' (To be continued.)

**Popular Pickles**

**Plum Chutney**  
4 ounces seeded raisins, 3 ounces chopped onions, 3 ounces chopped garlic, 2 ounces mustard seed, 14 ounces stoned plums, 2 cups vinegar, 5 ounces sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon of ground allspice. Mix the ingredients and cook until the fruit is very soft. Seal in bottles or in half-pint jars. Makes two and one-half pints of chutney.

**Green Tomato Chutney**  
7 ounces green tomatoes, 7 ounces apples, 4 ounces sugar, 2 cups vinegar, 4 ounces seeded raisins, 3 ounces chopped onions, 3 ounces chopped garlic, 3 ounces salt, ¼ ounce cayenne, 1 ounce mustard seed, 1 ounce celery seed. This is another recipe where the scales are most important. Peel and chop the green tomatoes and apples. Add the sugar and vinegar and simmer until the tomatoes and apples are soft. Put the raisins, onions and garlic through the meat grinder and add to the first mixture with the seasonings. Stir well and store in jelly glasses, covering with paraffin. Makes five glasses.

**An Old Time Chili**  
2 dozen ripe tomatoes, 5 green peppers, 4 large onions, 2 tablespoons ginger, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons cloves, 1 tablespoon salt, 2 cups sugar, 1 quart vinegar. Cut the tomatoes in small pieces and cook until very tender. Strain and add to the chopped peppers and onions. Add the other ingredients and cook for two hours. Turn into bottles and seal. Makes four pints. This is a very old recipe which has been handed down in one family for several generations. It is the traditional accompaniment in that household for cold New York State baked beans.

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There's many a bad sermon preached from a good text.

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## "SALADA"

(GREEN)

### JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

**Mixed Farming**  
Windsor Border Cities Star (Ind. Lib.): Farmers of the West are not now depending so entirely on wheat as they once did. They have learned a lesson in the hard school of experience. They have learned that, wealthy though the land may be, they are at the mercy of the elements, where grain is concerned.

**Greater Recklessness**  
Halifax Herald (Cons.): There is a recklessness on the highways of Nova Scotia this year beyond anything of the kind ever experienced before. A greatly increased number of motorists appear to have gone "speed-crazy" overnight. The results are inevitable. The motor car is leaving a trail of death and disaster in Nova Scotia in 1929 that is appalling.

**Empire Free Trade**  
Saint John Telegraph Journal (Ind.): In order to interest Canadians in the scheme of free trade within the Empire, Lord Beaverbrook and his friends will have to tell them what will take the place of the Canadian industries which, under absolute free trade, would be destroyed by competition from Great Britain. Australia is interested in the same question.

**Kalawat in Our Garden**  
The member of the expedition most pleased with headquarters was Kalawat. Kalawat had been so young when she left Borneo that she had never had a taste of the natural joys of monkey-land. She knew nothing of the delight of climbing trees; she had developed her muscles, instead, on the chandeliers and curtains of a New York apartment. And now she was an acre of land surrounding our house, and all about the edge was a row of evergreen trees, great tall trees standing about twenty feet apart. Kalawat took to these trees like a duck to the water. She never ventured beyond the limits they set, but she would go round and round, swinging from one to another literally by the hour. She found a friend in the Airedale from the next door—one of those shaggy, friendly Airedales that are always laughing—and he followed her on her rounds, trotting along the branches and looking up now and then with a broad Airedale grin. Sometimes Kalawat would hide from him among the foliage, and then, while he looked about, puzzled, would steal down the opposite side of a tree and come up behind him and pull his tail. He would whirl around quickly with a sharp bark, but in a flash Kalawat would be up in the tree, chattering derisively. When Kalawat was tired of playing in the branches she would go into the garden and pick posies and gorge herself with fruit. Or, sometimes, she would perform her monkey antics for a delighted audience of natives. I have seen as many as fifty blacks, market-women laden with vegetables, village dandies smeared with red clay, porters, servants off on an errand, all standing convulsed with laughter, to see Kalawat do her tricks. When night came, Kalawat did not want to come into the house. She hid in the trees under the overhanging eaves of the house. Only when we ordered a servant to pretend to beat one or the other of us with a stick would she come flying out of her hiding place. In that land of animals, we became known as "the people with the ape." Not only natives along with their children to look at her, and when we took her to town, we were followed as if we had been a circus parade. If we went into a store, customers and clerks lost all their interest in buying and selling and watched Kalawat as she made a tour of investigation of the place.—From "Camera Trails in Africa," by Martin Johnson.

**DUNGEONS IN THE AIR**  
I find (wrote Emerson) the gayest castles in the air that were ever built far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never have been born.

**ATMOSPHERE**  
There is something in the atmosphere of every person which predicts his future; for the way he does things, the energy, the degree of enterprise which he puts into his work, his manner—everything is a telltale of what is awaiting him.

**GOODNESS**  
Goodness is usually its own vindication, but not always, for holiness is not invariably self-evident.



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**Dead Sea Ore Concession To Bring Protest**

France Gives Notice of Appeal to The Hague Over Great Britain's Activity

**Both London and Paris Rely on the Lausanne Treaty**  
By Ernest Davis

Jerusalem. — The pronouncement made by the British Government in the House of Commons in reply to a question of Colonel Howard Bury that France had signed its intention of preferring a charge against Great Britain at the International Court at The Hague in connection with the granting of the concession for the exploitation of the mineral resources of the Dead Sea to the Novomeyski-Tulloch group does not come as a surprise.

While the various competing groups were still struggling to obtain the concession, apart from the now victorious consortium, Englishmen, Americans and Australians had entered the lists, a Foreign Office representative had stated in answer to an inquiry from the same quarter that France had protested against the granting of the concession to the Novomeyski-Tulloch group.

Protest Traced to Englishman  
The most piquant part of the matter is that the protest is said to have originated with an Englishman and to have emanated from a group whose discovery that in 1911 the Turkish government had granted a concession for the exploitation of the resources of the Dead Sea.

In Palestine there are few areas not carrying some concession. The holders were for the most part speculators who had no serious intention of developing the concessions. They either resold the concession or at least made an attempt to sell it. The Dead Sea concession, for instance, was granted to a group of journalists in Constantinople. It is highly improbable that the Stamboul group had any other intention than to await a favorable moment for disposing of their rights. And they succeeded out so very long ago.

**Ruled Out Under Treaty**  
Having been defeated by the Novomeyski-Tulloch combination the group backed by Colonel Bury acquired the concession and demanded its recognition on the part of the British government, since in accordance with the Treaty of Lausanne pre-war concessions remained in force.

But the Colonial Office ruled that under the Lausanne Treaty only rights conferred on subject of Allied powers retained their validity and that the journalists in Constantinople could hardly claim to fall under that head. The group tried another maneuver. Since they could not bring an action against their own government, they admitted, and it was in the name of the latter that France demanded recognition of the old concession.

The refusal of the Colonial and Foreign Office to alter their decision resulted in the French government's announcement of an appeal to The Hague, London and Paris are supposed to be still in correspondence over the matter. In view of its own supplies of potash it is clear that France is interested in getting a foothold on the Dead Sea.

The French intervention has not held up the preliminary works of the Novomeyski group in any sense. Actual work is expected to start in October or November next.

**LOVE OF NATURE**  
You should have heard him speak of what he loved; of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars overhead at night; of the best return of morning, the peep of day over the moors, the awaking birds among the birches; how he abhorred the long winter shut in cities; and with what delight, at the return of the spring, he once more pitched his camp in the living out-of-doors.—R. L. Stevenson.

**BEAUTY**  
The purest and grandest beauty (far beyond that of the fairest flower, and high above Nature's noblest work) is of the mind and soul, that labor to enlarge our humble course; by no defiance or heroism, or even conscious teaching; but by patience, cheerfulness and modesty, truth, simplicity and loving kindness.—R. D. Blackmore.

**LOVE OF GOD**  
The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
Our thirty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain;  
The wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
—J. G. Whittier.

**VIRTUE**  
Conscious virtue is the only solid foundation of all happiness; for riches, power, rank or whatever, in the common acceptance of the word, is supposed to constitute happiness, will never quiet, much less cure, the inward pangs of guilt.—Lord Chesterfield.

Suspicion disposes kings to tyranny and husbands to jealousy.—Lord Bacon.

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